

the Bourbons and the priests, and it breathes the bitterness of defeat. Pio Nono had toyed with Liberalism and had cast it away. "The Papacy, under its reformer's mask, was, is and always will be the mortal enemy. . . . Centuries of servitude under the horrible yoke of the Emperor and the still more shameful yoke of the Papacy" had led to "the modern *canaille* of potentates and priests." The degradation of Italy fills his soul with tempestuous grief. His consolation was the soundness and patriotism of the common man, as illustrated in his hairbreadth escapes during the retreat from Rome with the Austrians at his heels, in which treachery would have brought material reward.

In February, 1859, after his second exile in America, Garibaldi was invited by Cavour to co-operate in the coming campaign against Austria. He disliked Napoleon III as an ally, but, since most Italians believed that nothing could be done without his aid, he regretfully accepted the programme of co-operation. A people which refuses to bend the knee to the foreigner, he declares, is invincible, but many of his countrymen had become soft and degenerate. Equally he was ready to work with Victor Emmanuel, since in 1859 a republic was impossible, "though I was and am a Republican." His task was to harass the Austrians in the angle between Lake Maggiore and Lake Como—a minor military operation, but providing the opportunity for the young men of Italy once again to show their mettle. He records and laments every casualty among his gallant followers. "Brave youth! Your bones are the eternal foundation of the edifice of our fatherland. The mothers of future generations will teach their children to bless your names/"

In the following year, 1860, Garibaldi made history on the grand scale with the conquest of Sicily and

Naples by the
Thousand, whose almost incredible exploits have
been described with Venetian colouring in the second
and third
volumes of George Trevelyan's history. With the
epic nature
of his theme Garibaldi's simple prose sometimes
takes wings,
as in the picture of his two ships sailing over the
moonlit sea
towards Sicily. " O Mille ! Argonauts of Liberty
! where
your brothers are fighting for liberty, there you
must be. You
hasten to the fray without asking if the enemy is
numerous, if
the number of volunteers and the equipment
are sufficient
for the arduous task." The frequency and
generosity of his
tributes to his followers, from Bixio down to
the humblest